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Woodland and Dreamland

Rowe Lingston

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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
  when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
  gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
  when a man shall die
And forget love
  which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
  that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
  of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

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WOODLAND

AND

DREAMLAND

BY

ROWE LINGSTON

AUTHOR OF "VERSES OF COUNTRY AND TOWN'

LONDON

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN & WELSH

SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS

WEST CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

1888

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To A.

THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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The Bird of Passage.

WHILE through the leaves the sunbeams glanced, on a bright mid April day,
Moored 'neath Cam's willowy bank, half sleeping, in my boat I lay.
I heard the ripples 'gainst the boat, and the soft breeze overhead;
And saw the meadows, where the cowslip flowers were scatteréd
As thick as stars in the heavens, when the nights are long and clear;
And I watched the gaudy fly float down the river void of fear,
Though beneath him shone his watchful foe, in glittering coat of mail,
Through the watergrowths, as he turned to the light the gold and silver scale.
Thus watching, listening dreamily, lay I, until I heard,
From a whitethorn bush not far away, the first notes of a bird,

New lit upon the tree. His song was loud, and sweet, and clear;
And I quiet lay, and closed my eyes, the melody to hear.
The lilting music was so sweet, and so soothing was the air,
That dreamland's viewless bounds I passed, and wandered here and there;
But like a sheep that seeks the sweetest feed, but never strays
Beyond the sound of the leader's bell, by green and grassy ways;
So, straying in the pleasant land of sleep, I always heard,
Mingling with every changing dream, the singing of the bird.
And his meaning to me grew plainer, and at last methought he sung
In a language lost and forgotten in the days when I was young.
And this was the meaning, as far as my waking tongue can show,
Of the song that I heard in dreamland in the language of long ago:
"Fair maiden, you remember the days ere strong we grew,

And fluttered in these pleasant woods, before we learned to fly;
And hearkened to, and tried to sing the songs our parents knew,
And watched the flowers in the fields, and the river idling by:
Till our wings and throats grew stronger, in the sultry Autumn weather,
And a strange wild wish sprang up in our hearts to fly away afar.
And all our race had ~~the~~ that longing: and we started all together
One balmy night, well guided by the light of moon and star:
How our little band soon joined a countless flock of friends, all hieing
Southward and ever southward; and from every field and wood
We were ~~joined~~ met by gathering bands of our scattered nation, flying
To join the muster, soon to cross the mighty shining flood.
And the old birds bade us follow, and told us our heart's blind longing

Was to go to the other country of our race, their winter home;
And that in their bosoms, too, sweet thoughts of that lovely land were thronging,
Where frost and snow are forgotten, and the bitter winds ne'er come.
How pleasant was the voyage, you, O fair maiden, well remember,
Carelessly flying day and night, with a soft and favouring breeze:
And the happy evening we lighted, in the hot month of September,
In that other land of our fathers, far away across the seas,
The land that we must not tell of." And it seemed to me, in my slumbers,
That the bird brake off his strain awhile, and sat silent on the tree:
But soon was he singing again, in soft and gentle numbers,
And low and timid and trembling the sweet notes seemed to me.
"Fair maiden, when our course from the south land we were holding,
All gathered once more together, across the sea to go,
A thought sprang up in my heart,—like the first seed-leaf enfolding

The leaves and flowers, ere their form or colour we can know."

And a quiver ran through the music, and it paused, in trembling fashion,

As water hangs in the pool, ere it sweeps to the falls below;

Then fast and clear came the story, and full of fire and passion,

Rising, and swelling, and trilling, past art of mine to show.

"The north wind ruffled our wings, as we started away to seaward;

And the crests of the waves were breaking in foam beneath our flight,

As we left our lovely home, and the joys of the south to leeward;

And the moon rose over the clouds, as we passed them to left and right.

And high above the clouds we rose, and left the glittering sea,

With its moonlight bridge spanned over; and the fisher-folk, that toil

All night at the weary oar, till the morning sets them free;

And the screaming gulls that for ever are seeking their scaly spoil.

Higher and ever higher, with strong and even motion,
  Till nought was above but the moon and stars, and beneath us lay
The scattered silvery clouds, that floated over the ocean,
  Changing and bright as visions o'er the realms of sleep that stray.
Nought stirred but the shifting forms of the clouds ever gliding along.
  Save the steady rush of our wings, no sound from earth or sky;
Save the warning notes of our leaders, as they marshalled our speeding throng;
  Save the far-off noise of the sea, and the sea-fowl's desolate cry.
As close as ever a bird could fly, until the break of dawn,
  I flew by your side, for my thought from its seed-leaf was breaking away:
'Twas a blind wish now to be near you,—the leaf ere the bud be born,—
  And so sped we ever onward, till rose the glorious day.
The beams of the moon and stars grew faint and wan and pale,
  As over the shifting cloudland, and the darkness of the sea,

The glorious light of morning threw a gold and pearl-hued veil,
Shimmering and bright, and turned them into realms of Faierie.
And joyous day was come again. But, careless of setting or dawning,
Northward sped we along, along, for many a day and night,
Without a pause, from morn till night, northward, from night till morning,
In calms, or 'gainst the baffling storms, beating with all our might.
Then one night, O fair maiden, in the wildest, fiercest weather,
There were weary ones among us, that were forced to drop behind;
And my heart grew faint, as I thought, while we flew along together,
That your wings, too, might grow weary, in the strife with the cruel wind.
But the calm came at last, of peace to my troubled spirit speaking.
And that night, in the clouds beneath us, we heard the rushing flight
And the cries of another nation, their home for the summer seeking,

And we greeted each other unseen, as we hurried on
through the night.
We knew that our voyage was nigh over, and next day,
by our happy band,
The shore, like a cloud on the farthest edge of the sea,
was seen;
And, shrilling cries of joy, more swiftly we sped, as the
land
Took form into hill and foreland and red cliff edged
with green.
Then over the sand and shingle we passed, where breakers
are playing,
Autumn and spring, as we go and come, as changeless as
our flight.
How we drank in the scented breezes, that through woods
in spring go straying!
And safe ashore was the weariest ere fell that happy night.
Over the green and wind-swept downs flew we, still lower
and lower,
Past sleeping village and woodland, and silent field and
farm,
Steeped in the silvery moonlight: and our flight grew
slower and slower,
'Mid the pleasure and hope of Spring, in our own land,
safe from harm.

Ever and anon a company would spy their own dear home,
Where the reaches of a glancing stream its thickets threaded through,
And left us with swift downward flight; and we longed for our turn to come,
While they bade us a joyous farewell, with a longing that sharper grew.
At last our own dear river, and the woods we love so well,
And the meadows, where every thicket and copse to us are known,
Came into view; and with fluttering hearts, that we could not quell,
Sped we to the home of our childhood, where first our wings had flown.
The joyous morning was breaking, with soft and tender light—
Touching the April woods and fields, bestrewn with many a flower;
And the thought of my heart had burst into bloom, ere the close of the night,
A fair and fragrant blossom, to live or to die in an hour.
For this flower of my heart is love, and I pluck it and bring it you;
At your feet I offer it, lady: if there you let it lie,

'Twill wither and fade; if you take it, it will live the summer through.

And all my life's joy and beauty with that blossom live or die."

Then, as I dreamed, the bird ceased; and a gentle voice replied.

Methought, although the tones said "Yes," the troubled voice said "No."

But my boat slipped from its moorings, and I wakened at that tide;

And I lost the end of the story, unless it ended so.

Woodman.

THE frost has all gone with the rain and the thaw :
It's a fine hunting morning as ever I saw :
And horses are fretting at bit and at rein :
And hounds are as keen to be drawing again :
And off, from the meet to the gorse covert near,
We start, and the huntsman throws in with a cheer.

The pack, at the signal, fling in like one hound.
In less than a minute a whimper goes round.
By the wild way they dash, and they quest everywhere,
A fox is on foot in the covert, I'll swear.
And hark to the music, old Woodman gives tongue ;
And he ne'er told a lie, and he never goes wrong.

And the rest dash to Woodman, and score to the cry :
And then through the covert like wildfire they fly,
And backwards and forwards, across and across.
The fox is a bold one to hang in the gorse :
But he dodges and doubles, a fair start to find,
A chance to break covert, and run down the wind

On the burning hot scent how they revel and rush!
They'll chop him! they'll chop him! They're close to his brush.
But his eye, and his ear, and his heart are so true,
That, do what they may, they can't once get a view;
And the pace and the peril don't make him forget
A trick that he knows, that may baffle them yet.

The music breaks off, and at fault is each hound:
The fox must have doubled or else gone to ground.
The earths are all stopped; and the pack were so near,
That he threaded them through, if he doubled back here.
Hark! "Tally-ho" comes from the far side, to say
The whip at the corner has viewed him away.

One twang of the huntsman's horn brings him the pack,
And off gallops he with them all at his back—
Twenty couple, and not one left lagging behind,
And he lays on his hounds with the speed of the wind.
And they own to the line; and they score to the cry
All speeding together, like birds through the sky.

O'er fences and meadows they fly in their course:
And vain is the mettle of horseman and horse;

For the pace is so good, that the hounds, as they go,
Each stride slip away, and they gain on their foe:
And if the scent hold, though he be stout and strong,
No fox in the world can before them live long.

Like a covey of partridges strong on the wing,
They fly, but the pace draws them out in a string.
A young hound is first, that was entered last year;
And Woodman is labouring on in the rear.
They've been running on grass, but the grass fails them
now;
And the scent does not lie half so well on the plough.

And where the fox turned up a furrow to go,
They check. But old Woodman sticks close to his foe,
With his nose down; and slowly he picks out the line:
And he throws his deep notes, and the others join in.
But it's slow hunting now, and the trustiest hound
Has to stoop and to quest, with his nose on the ground.

A fox bustled well, when he first goes away,
For a couple of miles, is half killed, so they say;
And though for an hour the hunting is slow,
The scent does not fail, and the hounds still can go.
And now come some pastures, half meadow, half fen,
And the hounds get on terms with their quarry again.

And horses must gallop, and do all they know;
And horsemen must pick the best points, as they go,
In the fences, and fly them all fair in their stride,
With never a thought of what lies t'other side.
And the plough and the fallow are foot deep, I vow;
And the meadows ride nearly as deep as the plough.

Now fast, and now slow, and the horses are blown—
Not a dozen will get to the end of the run;
And the rest, with the fencing, the pace, and the mire,
Are thrown out, and scattered all over the shire.
The fox's point lies but a short two miles off,
And some of the pack have had nearly enough.

But they toil through the mud, and they pant, and they strain;
And hot grows the scent, as upon him they gain.
At last he is forced from the line of his flight:
But they turn where he turned, like the tail of a kite.
Though foxes must die, and though hounds must have blood,
I'd give twenty pounds were he safe in his wood!

But this gallant dog-fox ne'er his woodland shall see,
Though he turns, and he twists, and at speed gallops he:

His heart full of courage, his head full of guile,—
He is still from his point the best part of a mile.
And now by a hedgerow they view him, and rush
Straight at him, and scarce fifty yards from his brush.

His last chance is over: and with him they close:
But fiercely he bites right and left at his foes.
The leading hound turns, with a howl, to the rear:
But Woodman, and with him a dozen, are near,
And they shake out his life: and he dies in hot blood,
And fights to the last, as an Englishman should.

The best day of the year! And that I saw the run
I thank my mare's courage, and breeding, and bone.
"'Tis the very same fox," so the huntsman will swear,
"That we found in that covert, and hunted last year:
He'd a tag like this one, and he ran the same way,
And he gave us the slip where we killed him to-day."

The huntsman on high holds the fox for the worry;
And the eager pack crowd, and they leap at their quarry.
So gallant a beast in the open to kill,
They've earned what they get, and he gives them their fill,
As he flings the fox to them, and on it they swoop.
Now tear him, and eat him! Who-whoop, lads! Who-whoop!

Here's a health to all huntsmen that handle the horn !
Here's a health to the quarry they rouse in the morn !
Here's luck to all horses, stout, speedy, and strong !
And luck to the horsemen that send them along !
And here's to the hounds ! And the last toast I call
Is long life to old Woodman, the best of them all !

Grandfather's Advice.

YOU'RE here for the holidays, Johnny,
  So I'm going to give you a treat.
I see you can stick to the pony;
  So to-morrow we'll go to the meet.

I hunted for many a season,
  Ere you, grandson Johnny, were born;
So I'll give you some rhyme, and some reason,
  That may help you to follow the horn.

Some horsemen, whate'er they're bestriding,
  Wear spurs, but they're wrong, take my word:
A bad horse is not worth the riding,
  And a good horse should never be spurred.

If you can, let your whip remain idle:
  Don't strain at your girths till they crack:
If you can, use a plain snaffle bridle,
  And see that the throat lash be slack.

While the hounds draw, stay close to the cover,
  Where the rest of the horsemen are: but
Your ears should be open—moreover,
  My grandson, your mouth should be shut.

And ne'er let your "Tally-ho" follow
  A fox: it does harm as a rule;
Some idiot is certain to holloa,
  And, my grandson, don't you be the fool.

Near enough to the hounds ride to watch them,
  While they're running. Ne'er press on the pack.
(Some people seem trying to catch them.)
  When they check, stop, and stay in your track.

At your fences, sit firm in your saddle:
  Hold your horse straight, but keep your hand light:
Then give him his head, and don't meddle,
  And he'll carry you over all right.

Ride as slow as you like at stiff timber;
  As fast as you can at a brook:
And you won't have a fall, from November
  Till the middle of May, if you've luck.

Save your horse, every needless jump shunning:
  Never jump near a horse or a hound:
Never jump when the hounds are not running:
  Never jump when you've time to go round.

Go carefully still over heather;
  Up hill slow, down hill straight as you may:
On the plough, pull your horse well together:
  On the grass and the level make play.

Every way you can think of, diminish
  The work that your horse has to do.
You'll reap your reward at the finish:
  He's a right to expect it of you.

Now, come, and we'll look at the pony;
  And see how he's eating his corn.
And to-morrow together, wee Johnny,
  We'll follow the sound of the horn.

Daybreak in the Riviera.

FROM far-off Alpine peak and slope of snow,
  Down to the margin of the sea, night's queen—
The lesser light—o'er all the world below
        Still rules serene.

Calm sleeps the sea, dark blue, beneath the moon
  And myriad stars, save where white wavelets play,
And rippling beat their immemorial tune,
        By rock and bay.

Sigh the faint southern breezes, that beneath
  The scent of countless flowers—their heavy load—
Stray on, o'er garden trim, and fragrant heath,
        And shadowed wood.

Pales the cold moon: the stars grow faint and few:
  And o'er the east spreads twilight cold and grey.
Then, suddenly, across the waters blue,
        Far Corsica

Rises, like vision of some fairy isle,
  To mock entrancéd eyes,—for, ere the sun
Is seen, it fades, and melts away, and while
        We gaze, is gone.

Next the cold mountains feel the morning glow
  On their still heights, and every summit seems
For pearl and opal now to change its snow,
        Beneath her beams.

Triumphant morn sweeps down from peak to plain,
  Over the green foot-hills and woods, where throng
The feathered folk, who, waking, chant refrain
        Of welcoming song.

Now countless hill-towns wake, with olives hoar
  Girdled, and orange trees, and vines a-row,
And sunbaked walls, built 'gainst the swarthy Moor
        Long years ago.

The fisherman draws in his scaly spoil,
  And steers for home. Where blue smoke curls and twines,
The country folk begin their daily toil
        Amongst the vines.

Closed blossoms ope their lovely eyes again,
Sparkling with dew. And bees and butterflies
Murmur and flutter o'er thy flowery plain,
Earth's paradise !

April in Kent.

Now the brown woods grow chequered here and there
With palm-flowers fresh and fair;
And violets and primroses upon
The woodland banks are strewn,
As though down-fallen from o'er-laden hands
Of sporting fairy bands;
Robin and thrush, blackbird and lark on high
Make ceaseless minstrelsy:
First of the thousand flowers and birds that spring
And summer time shall bring.

Now, from fresh flowers, the buzzing bees have quaffed
Their first delicious draught;
And amid peach blossoms on sunny walls
Hold their high festivals;
The butterflies, that sleep the winter through,
Now sun their wings anew;
The cawing rooks, while sways their wind-bent bough,
Their nests are building now;

The vixen with her cubs, at close of day,
Before the earth's mouth play.

Mighty farm horses draw the heavy spoil
Of the woodman's winter toil;
Along the woodland drives and lanes they go,
With stately step and slow,
Bearing the countless hop-poles,—where the bine
Shall cling and hang and twine
The summer through; till child and man and maid,
Beneath it's sun-pierced shade,
Shall pluck the scented clusters, and destroy
The garden's canopy.

September in the Pustertbal.

ALL through the long day's sunny hours
  Sounds the shrill ceaseless song
Of crickets, countless as the flowers
  They leap and dance among.

Melodious hum the bees, to sweeten
  The toil each minute brings;
And all around the air is beaten
  With tiny buzzing wings.

Cowbells among the hills are ringing
  In chime disorderly;
And the boy that drives the herd is singing,
  To speed the hours by.

Murmurs from many a stream are coming,
  That down the green slopes stray;
A distant mill below is humming,
  And beating time all day.

The mowers' strokes, in measured cadence,
  Upon the breeze are borne;
The ring of scythes; the song of maidens,
  That bind the sheaves of corn.

Clear sounding from the far-off steeple
  Comes the melodious chime,
Telling to all the scattered people
  How goes the happy time.

The breeze that on the hillside lingers,
  Where the pine forest clings,
Sounds like a giant's listless fingers
  Touching some huge harp's strings.

All things around, below, and o'er us
  Join in a ceaseless song;
While, swelling with deep tones the chorus,
  Swift Rienz rolls along.

In harvest time this chorus ever,
  Until the evenings fall,
From rocky peak to rushing river,
  Fills hollow Pusterthal.

A Gift.

A LAND of hill and valley from the centre to the sea:
A happy land, as fat and fair as any land may be.
On hill-top and on moorland there be bogs and crags enow,
And gorse in bloom, and heath and bracken turned to russet now.
And none can tell its rivers, streams, and springs that never fail,
And water-meadows where the cows aye fill the milking-pail.
Right lucky are the folk that live in its deep and woody combes,
From the pleasant midland country down to where the great sea booms
On rocky shore and perilous cliff, with grasses edged and pied,
And stunted growths that brave the storms and hang above the tide;
For summer droughts and winter frosts but lightly touch their fields,
And earth to them her kindly fruits, in season, ever yields.

Christmas finds us here this winter, and not by sunny strands;
Where southern waves are breaking over corals, rocks, and sands;
And the olive trees are glistening in the noontide hot and still;
And the kneeling folk beneath them find the measure hard to fill.
Where of green oak, cork, and pine right pleasant is the shade;
And strings of sheep and goats are browsing in the woodland glade,
Following the shepherd as they crop the grass and scented thyme,
And tender shoots, their neckbells jangling in a random chime:
And all the air is sweet with scent of violets, that grow
By countless thousands in the fields, and of many a fragrant row
Of orange trees and lemons; and beyond in many a fold
Lie the foot-hills and the mountain spurs clad with woodland wealth untold.
And far and wide on rock and hill stand many an ancient town
And village, glancing as the glare of noon beats fiercely down

On sun-baked walls, against the turbaned hordes built long ago;
And towers that heard the legions' tramp and the Roman trumpets blow.
And further still the mountains, with their peaks and slopes of ice,
Seem as beautiful and pure as the hills of paradise.
I am stringing couplets of all sizes, shapes, and sorts together,
As a child strings beads, for your Christmas gift, in this chilly English weather.
And may the feast, still bringing peace and gladness in its train,
Come back to you for many and many a happy year again,
Till your golden hair is as white as his now in state upon his tree,
The hoary Father Christmas; and may I that white hair see.

Narcissus.

Day after day
Pined he away:
Finding no face,
Where he might trace
The features, that ever
  Smiled back his love
As the sleeping river
  He hung above.

To him alway
They seemed to say,
"I yearn for thee,
As thou for me."
Of peace they bereft him,
  Hour by hour,
Till his weary soul left him,
  For a meadow flower.

Translation.

When May's sunny hours to the woodlands were bringing
The leaves to the boughs and the flowers to the swards;
And, 'mid the fresh breezes, fond lovelays were ringing,
That are sung to their ladies by all feathered bards.

One day, over bluebells and primroses straying,
And white wood anemones and sweet daffodils,
I tried to translate what the fond birds were saying,
But no words could I find for the half of their trills.

The nightingale, cuckoo, and pigeon told clearest
Their tales, so 'twas theirs that I tried to translate;
But vain were the words which methought came the nearest
To those which each gallant bird sang to his mate.

Too subtle for speech was the music that came
To the delicate ears of the nightingale's dame;
Who drank in each note, while her little heart beat.
But these were the words, which, his melody through,
Were plain, like bright stars in the dim milky way:
"Oh sweet! oh sweet! oh sweet! oh sweet!

"Sweeter than all the buds of merry, merry, merry,
merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
merry, merry May,
Are you! you! you! you! you! you! you! you! you!
you! you! you! you!"

Then past me came flitting, on wandering wing,
The light-hearted bird that still follows the spring;
His false, flattering song, as he sped through the grove,
He sang, while before him his fair lady love
Fled ever, yet listened, half lured by the lay
She had oft heard before, which methought seemed to say:

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Here am I! Where are you?
While leaves are green,
And skies are blue,
The thickets through,
I will pursue
You, only you!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!
Here am I! Where are you?"

And these were the words of the woodpigeon's song:
His gentle wife thought them both charming and witty
As she sat on the eggs, and he sang all day long:

"Coo! coo! my pretty!
I love you, my pretty!
And to you, my pretty!
Will be true, my pretty!
Ever true, my pretty
To you!"

My Garden.

THEY that owned this place are lying,
  Shorn of all they had, asleep.
Swift another year is flying :
  I have sown, but who shall reap?

All things here I own, as they did ;
  But the oak, beside the door,
Has a score of owners shaded,
  And will shade another score.

—Bridal veils of blossoms cover
  Every dainty cherry-tree ;
When my little reign is over,
  Fair as ever will they be.

How the mighty oak would wonder,
  If he knew I called him mine ;
He who braves the heaven's thunder,
  Sees a thousand summers shine !

Should their high thoughts condescending,
  Ever deign to light on us,
Roses to each other bending,
  At my claim would marvel, thus:

"Who would e'er have thought it, neighbour?
  Since he came some years ago,
We have seen him delve and labour,
  Prune and plant, and graft and sow.

"Often he his limbs hath rested
  'Neath the shade the great oak throws;
Of the orchard's best hath tasted;
  Plucked the triumphs of the rose.

"Thus he served us, thus we paid him;
  But—I ask it with a smile—
Pray, whatever could have made him
  Think he owned us, all the while?"

"Magali."

(*From Mistral's "Mirèio."*)

O MAGALI, ma tant amado,
  Mete la tèsto au fenestroun!
Escouto un pau aquesto aubado
  De tambourin e de vióuloun.

  Èi plen d'estello, aperamount!
L'auro es toumbado,
    Mai lis estello paliran,
    Quand te veiran!

—Pas mai que dóu murmur di broundo
  De toun aubado iéu fau cas!
Mai iéu m'envau dins la mar bloundo
  Me faire anguielo de roucas.

  —O Magali! se tu te fas
Lou pèis de l'oundo,
    Iéu, lou pescaire me farai,
    Te pescarai!

Translation of "Magali."

(*From Mistral's "Mirèio."*)

O MAGALI, my heart's delight,
  Come to thy window lattice nigh!
Listen, while, 'neath the silent night,
  Our harps and lutes make melody.

  The wind has fallen. In the sky
The stars are bright,
    But pale the brightest stars shall be
    At sight of thee.

—Less of thy serenade reck I,
  Than of the murmurs of a tree
Vexed by the breeze. The dark rock nigh,
  A sea fish,—I will hide from thee.

  —O Magali, if you should be
A sea-fish shy:
    A fisherman, my nets I'll throw,
    And catch you so.

—Oh! mai, se tu te fas pescaire,
Ti vertoulet quand jitaras,
Iéu me farai l'aucèu voulaire,
M'envoularai dins li campas.

—O Magali, se tu te fas
L'aucèu de l'aire,
Iéu lou cassaire me farai,
Te cassarai.

—I perdigau, i bouscarido,
Se vènes, tu, cala ti las,
Iéu me farai l'erbo flourido
E m'escoundrai dins li pradas.

—O Magali, se tu te fas
La margarido,
Iéu l'aigo lindo me farai,
T'arrousarai.

—Se tu te fas l'aigueto lindo,
Iéu me farai lou nivoulas,
E lèu m'enanarai ansindo
A l'Americo, perabas!

—If you—a fisherman—should fling
Your circling nets into the sea,
Then—a wild bird—on rapid wing,
Over the moorlands would I flee.

—O Magali, if you should be
A bird, I'd bring
My fowler's snare, and snare you so,
My gentle foe.

—For snipe and partridges alone
You'd set your snares o'er all the lea;
For me,—into a field-flower grown,—
'Mid flower-strewn plains, you ne'er would see.

—Should Magali a daisy be,
My quest to shun:
A shower, I'd water all below,
And find her so.

—If you into the gentle rain
Should turn, then I a cloud would be;
And o'er the wide Atlantic's plain
I'd drive before the gale as free.

—O Magali, se tu t'envas
Alin is Indo,
L'auro de mar iéu me farai,
Te pourtarai !

—Se tu te fas la marinado,
Iéu fugirai d'un autre las :
Iéu me farai l'escandihado
Dóu grand soulèu que found lou glas !

—O Magali, se tu te fas
La souleiado,
Lou verd limbert iéu me farai,
E te béurai !

—Se tu te rèndes l'alabreno
Que se rescound dins lou bertas,
Iéu me rendrai la luno pleno
Que dins la niue fai lume i masc !

—O Magali, se tu te fas
Luno sereno,
Iéu bello nèblo me farai,
T'acatarai.

—If, Magali,—a cloud,—you'd flee
Across the main,
Changed to a sea wind, I would blow
And bear you so.

—If thou a wild sea wind would'st stray,
Another way I'd fly from thee:
I'd turn me to the sunbeam gay
That sets the ice-bound streamlet free.

—O Magali, if you should be
The sun's warm ray:
A lizard green, 'neath you I'd glow,
And drink you so.

—If you should lurk—a lizard green—
Where sunbeams pierce the forest tree,
I—the full moon—would shine serene,
And light the witches' revelry.

—O Magali, if you should be
The night's fair queen:
A silvery mist I'd rise below,
And fold you so.

—Mai se la nèblo m'enmantello,
Tu, pèr acò, noun me tendras;
Iéu, bello roso vierginello,
M'espandirai dins l'espinas!

—O Magali, se tu te fas
La roso bello,
Lou parpaioun iéu me farai,
Te beisarai.

—Vai, calignaire, courre, courre!
Jamai, jamai m'agantaras.
Iéu, de la rusco d'un grand roure
Me vestirai dins lou bouscas.

—O Magali, se tu te fas
L'aubre di moure,
Iéu lou clot d'èurre me farai,
T'embrassarai!

—Se me vos prene à la brasseto,
Rèn qu'un vièi chaine arraparas.
Iéu me farai blanco moungeto
Dóu mounastié dóu grand Sant Blas!

—But if the mist should round me close,
No more for that should you win me:
I'd be some virgin bud that blows
Upon a rose bush, safe and free.

—O Magali, if you should be
A lovely rose:
Into a butterfly I'd grow,
And kiss you so.

—Cease, cease thy suit, for 'neath the bark
—Where vainly would'st thou seek for me—
Of some huge oak, in forests dark,
Fond youth, I'll hide myself from thee.

—O Magali, if you should be
An oak-tree stark:
An ivy wreath I'd o'er you grow,
And clasp you so.

—On an old oak your arm would light,
Then, when it thought to wind round me:
A novice, I would shun your sight
In great Saint Blaise's nunnery.

—O Magali, se tu te fas
Mounjo blanqueto,
Iéu, capelan, counfessarai,
E t'ausirai!

—Se dóu couvènt passes li porto,
Tóuti li mounjo trouvaras
Qu'à moun entour saran pèr orto,
Car en susàri me veiras!

—O Magali, se tu te fas
La pauro morto,
Adounc la terro me farai,
Aqui t'aurai!

—Aro coumence enfin de crèire
Que noun me parles en risènt.
Vaqui moun aneloun de vèire
Pèr souvenènço, o bèu jouvènt!

—O Magali, me fas de bèn!
Mai, tre te vèire,
Ve lis estello, o Magali,
Coume an pali!

—O Magali, if you should be
A novice white:
The priest to shrive you I would go,
And hear you so.

—The convent's threshold should you tread,
You'd find the nuns distractedly
Weeping and wailing round my bed;
Me, in my winding sheet, you'd see.

—O Magali, if you should be
A maiden dead:
I, earth, to fill your grave below,
Would hold you so.

—Ah, now at last I deem thy lay
Not all in jest, fair youth; so take
From me this crystal ring, I pray,
And keep it for this evening's sake.

—O Magali, my fond heart's ache
You charm away.
But, lo! how pale the stars have grown,
By thee outshone!

"Sufren."

(*From Mistral's "Mirèio."*)

Lou Baile Sufren, que sus mar coumando,
Au port de Touloun a douna signau,
Partèn de Touloun cinq cènt Prouvençau.
D'ensaca l'Anglés l'envejo èro grando :
Voulèn plus tourna dins nòstis oustau
Que noun de l'Anglés veguen la desbrando.

Mai lou proumié mes que navegavian,
N'avèn vist degun, que dins lis enteno
Li vòu de gabian voulant pèr centeno.
Mai lou segound mes que vanegavian,
Uno broufounié nous baiè proun peno !
E, la niue, lou jour, dur agoutavian.

Mai lou tresen mes, nous prenguè l'enràbi :
Nous bouié lou sang, de degun trouba
Que noste canoun pousquèsse escouba.
Mai alor Sufren : Pichoun, à la gàbi !
Nous fai ; e subran lou gabié courba
Espincho eilalin vers la costo aràbi.

Translation of "Sufren."

(*From Mistral's "Mirèio."*)

THE Baily Sufren commands at sea:
  He signals to Toulon, where we lay;
  And five hundred Provencales, we sail from the bay.
To beat the Englishmen burn we;
  And aboard for ever will we stay,
Till the routed English shall before us flee.

But, the first month, the foe our watch do foil:
  Nought but the coasting craft can we spy,
  And the gulls that sail in hundreds by.
But the next month baulks us again of our spoil;
  For a tempest strikes us furiously,
And day and night at the pumps we toil.

But, the third month, our blood boils more and more,
  No foe to have found since we left Toulon
  —For our guns to sweep away; then said Sufren,
"Aloft with you, lads." Scarce spake he, before
  The topman bent forward, and fixed his eyes upon
Something afar, by the Arab shore.

O tron-de-bon-goi ! cridè lou gabié,
  Tres gros bastimen tout dre nous arribo !
  —Alerto, pichoun ! li canoun en ribo !
Cridè quatecant lou grand marinié.
  Que taston d'abord li figo d'Antibo !
N'i'en pourgiren, pièi, d'un autre panié.

N'avié panca di, se vèi qu'uno flamo :
  Quaranto boulet van coume d'uiau
  Trauca de l'Anglés li veissèu reian.
Un di bastimen, ie restè que l'amo !
  Lontèms s'entènd plus que li canoun rau,
Lou bos que cracino e la mar que bramo.

Di nemi pamens un pas tout-au-mai
  Nous tèn separa : que bonur ! que chale !
  Lou Baile Sufren, entrepide e pale,
E que sus lou pont brandavo jamai :
  —Pichot ! crido enfin, que voste fio cale !
E vougnen-lèi dur'mé d'òli de-z-Ai !

N'avié panca di, mai tout l'equipage
  Lampo is alabardo, i visplo, i destrau,
  E, grapin en man, l'ardi Prouvençau,

"By the throne of heaven!" then we hear him cry,
"Three men-of-war, each of a thousand tons,
Right down upon us bear. Run out your guns!"
Then spake the Admiral, "First let them try
The taste of our Antibes' figs, my sons!
We'll offer them another sort by and by."

He spake, and the flames all round us flash;
Like thunderbolts, forty shot and more
Through the sides of the English vessels tore,
To splinters one of their ships we smash.
Nought can be heard but the cannon's roar,
And the planks that split, and the waves that dash.

Close lay we to the foe, not a yard between.
What rapture in our souls did burn,
As Sufren, who, silent, pale, and stern,
Had stood on the deck, now shouted through the din,
"Cease fire, my lads, we'll give them a turn
Of Aix oil now, to baste their skin!"

He spake, and the crew rushed like one man
To seize pike and cutlass; and, grapnel in hand,
Ready to board were the bold Provencale band.

D'un soulet alen, crido : A l'arrambage !
  Sus lou bord anglés sautan dins qu'un saut,
E coumenço alor lou grand mourtalage !

Oh ! quénti bacèu ! oh ! que chapladis !
  Que crèbis que fan l'aubre que s'esclapo,
  Souto li marin lou pont que s'aclapo !
Mai que d'un Anglés cabusso e peris ;
  Mai d'un Prouvençau à l'Anglés s'arrapo,
L'estren dins sis arpo, e s'aproufoundis.

Li pèd dins lou sang, durè 'quelo guerro
  Desempièi dos ouro enjusqu'à la niue.
  Verai, quand la poudro embourniè pu l'iue,
Mancavo cènt ome à nosto galèro ;
  Mai tres bastimen passèron pèr iue,
Tres bèu bastimen dóu rèi d'Anglo-terro !

Pièi quand s'envenian au païs tant dous,
  Emé cènt boulet dins nòsti murado,
  Emé vergo en tros, velo espeiandrado.
Tout en galejant, lou Baile amistous :
  —Boutas, nous diguè, boutas, cambarado !
Au rèi de Paris parlarai de vous.

Then, with a shout, aboard them we ran,
  On their decks in a moment's time we stand,
And then the carnage fierce began.

'Mid furious strife and slaughter, with thundering sound,
  The mainmast fell, and the deck gave way
  'Neath the sailors' feet in the thick of the fray;
And many an Englishman was drowned,
  And many a Provencale clutched his prey
And sank, with a foe in his arms locked round.

The battle raged, and the decks ran red,
  From noon till rose the evening star.
  When our eyes with smoke no longer blinded are,
A hundred of our men lay dead:
  But we sank three English men-of-war,
Three gallant men-of-war of the English king were sped.

As back we steered to our own countree,
  With a hundred shots were our sides pierced through;
  Our yards were in splinters, and our sails in tatters flew.
Then smiled and said the bold Bailee,
  "Well done, well done, my comrades true;
I'll tell the king of Paris how you fought," said he.

—O noste amirau, ta paraulo es franco,
I'avèn respoundu, lou rèi t'ausirai.
Mai, pàuri marin, de-que nous fara?
Avèn tout quita, l'oustau, la calanco,
Pèr courre à sa guerro e pèr l'apara,
E veses pamens que lou pan nous manco!

Mai se vas amount, ensouvène-te,
Quand se clinaran sus toun bèu passage,
Que res t'amo autant que toun equipage.
Car, o bon Sufren, s'avian lou poudé,
Davans que tourna dins nòsti vilage,
Te pourtarian rèi sus lou bout dóu det!

Es un Martegau qu'à la vesperado
A fa la cansoun, en calant si tis.
Lou Baile Sufren partè pèr Paris;
E dien que li gros d'aquelo encountrado
Fuguèron jalous de sa renoumado.
E si vièi marin jamai l'an pu vist!

"Lord Admiral! you speak like a sailor free,"
We answered, "and the king may listen to you;
But what for us poor fellows will he do?
We have left our all,—our homes beside the sea,—
And he lets us want for bread—us, us, his sailors true,
That have come to do battle with his enemy.

"And forget not at court when they tell the tale
Of your gallant feat of arms, while the courtiers bow down low,
That your sailors love you, and that none can love you so.
Nought, Sufren, could our power avail,
Or, lightly, ere homeward we turned to go,
Thee as our king in triumph would we hail."

'Twas a Martigue man that made this song,
Watching his nets while the evening fell.
To Paris went Sufren, where, so they tell,
The great lords envied him, and did him wrong;
And never more was he seen among
His faithful sailors that loved him well.

In a Thirsty Land.

THERE'S many a sight worth seeing in famous London town,
From the cross on the dome of St. Paul's, to the river, broad and brown.
But nought in its noisy world can ever please me so,
As the fountains to water the horses, with the troughs for the dogs below.
They are filled with sparkling water, as crystal bright and clear:
And their tired owners know them, and neigh as they draw near.
And the merciful men are merciful, and let their dumb friends go;
Who arch their necks for pleasure, and bend their heads down low,
With eager eyes and pointed ears, and in the water sweet
They dip their velvet muzzles, and forget the stony street,

And the scanty feed in the nose-bag, and the far-off stable
forget;
And the stubborn collar and harness, and their tired
limbs, bathed with sweat;
And the thirst that has parched them for hours, and the
straining at the load;
And the day that still lies before them; and the endless
miles of road
That lead at last to the stable, and the good corn and the
hay,
And the litter and pail of water, that end the toil of the day.
And the dog that all day has followed at his master's
horse's heels,
Dashes at speed aside from the dust of the flying wheels.
Parched and panting with running and dust, he slakes his
tongue,
And his mouth in the trough below; then races the traffic
among;
And catches his cart again; and is not half a minute away:
But his ears and his tail spring up; and he gallops along,
as gay
As when in the morning he started, and barked and
gambolled before
The nose of his friend the horse, as he stood at the stable
door.

Witless.

To all her children charge of thee
  Gave Nature, mother mild:
To love thy harmless infancy,
  Her helpless child.

The fawn was thy young playfellow:
  The hare a friend of thine:
The squirrel gambolled on the bough,
  Thy smile to win.

For thee the music of the spring
  Would flow from feathered throats;
The blackbird and the robin sing
  Their winter notes.

The lark would watch the reddening East,
  And carol down to thee,
Of crimson wave, and flashing crest,
  And molten sea.

Fair flowers, clustering along
  Thy pathways, in the woods,
Would tempt thy hands to choose among
  Their brightest buds.

For thee thy playmates look in vain:
  Birds whisper nigh thy bed;
And spring's first blossoms ope again
  Above thee dead.

The Dream.

CARELESS, on life's swift river,
  Of rock or rapid nigh,
From plucking cease we never
  The flowers we hurry by.
Whate'er our age or clime be,
  Our race, our lot, our faith,
If fair the present time be,
  A far-off thing seems Death.
Unless, in Death's dread quiver,
  Our destined dart we spy,
We dream that we for ever
  Shall live: we wake to die.

The First-born Slain.

THE Pharaoh's babe started from rosy sleep
With feeble wail, and stiffening, with glazed eyes,
Left the great queen. And in the dungeon, where
A herd of captives from the last war penned
In noisome darkness lay, the mother threw
Vain hopeless arms about her little one.
And, in the fold, the woolly mother stirred
Her lifeless lamb, and then, with piteous bleats,
Told of the hopeless loss dumb creatures feel.
And, far from haunts of men, the tawny beast
Felt her cub start beside her; and with swift mouth
Fondling, she knew it dead; and from fierce jaws,
And head thrown back, roared forth her agony.

A Queen of Hearts.

HER maiden majesty's her robe;
  Her crown her golden hair;
Her hand should hold a heart,—her globe,—
  To show her sway is there.

Kings lord it over land and sea,
  Sprung from some royal line;
She rules wherever she may be,
  By beauty's right divine.

Fair queen, grant me my humble prayer
  Thy servant for to be,
As, kneeling at thy feet, I swear
  True fealty to thee.

The Gentle Knight.[1]

CRESTLESS, and with his visor down,
  Rode he; and none his name mote tell:
And, save these words, spake he never a one,
  "Priez pour elle."

Stout-hearted, strong of arm, iwis,
  And firm his seat in knightly selle.
No meed he ever claimed but this,
  "Priez pour elle."

All foemen down in deadly fray,
  All knights before his lance that fell,
He bade them but this ransom pay,
  "Priez pour elle."

From poor and helpless succouréd,
  From dainty rescued damoiselle,
He turned away, and mutteréd,
  "Priez pour elle."

[1] From Whyte Melville's *Good for Nothing*.

In fight, in camp, in lists, in hall,
  In court, in minster, or in cell,
Nothing but this his lips let fall,
  "Priez pour elle."

Cold she was, and a proud ladye,
  False and fair as a seamaid's spell,
Wooed by many a flattering knee:
  Priez pour elle.

Fair she was, and a great king's daughter;
  And he was forgotten every del.
But his prayer a charm from all ill brought her:
  "Priez pour elle."

At last, in her father's fight, he slew
  The foeman's champion fierce and fell:
But a lance head pierced his corslet through:
  Priez pour elle.

"'The king hath vowed his daughter to wed
  To him who should that champion quell,
Sir Knight!" He answered, with bowed head,
  "Priez pour elle."

They brought him to the king. Then said
  The king, "Sir Knight, that fought so well,
Thine is the prize!" He mutteréd,
  "Priez pour elle."

They brought him where her throne was set:
  But the life streams from his bosom well.
His last words she may ne'er forget,
  "Priez pour elle."

"Qui me gagne, me perd," said she,
  "Qui m'a perdu, m'a gagné." They tell
How she died for his sake. Priez pour lui!
  Priez pour elle!

Earl Simon.

PRINCE EDWARD led to Evesham
A thousand knights and peers;
To his last field Earl Simon rode
With scarce a hundred spears.

"In skilful wise the Prince comes on
Against us now," he said;
"But, by St. James's holy arm,
Of me he learned the trade.

"They hem us in on every side,
And all around they close;
Let us commend our souls to God,
Our bodies are the foe's.

"Yet is there time for you, my friends,
Cut through their ranks and flee!
For I am past the help of man,
Stay not to die with me!"

"Nay, in this quarrel every one
  Of us his life will give:
And if, Earl Simon, thou dost die,
  No will have we to live."

Then round him close they ranked, and so
  Fell fighting one by one,
Till all were slain, and he was left
  Among his foes, alone.

A lance thrust pierced his horse's flank,
  And stretched him on the field.
"Now yield, Earl Simon," shouted they;
  But he would never yield.

A craven dealt him, from behind,
  His death-blow. Then he said,
"It is the grace of God," and so
  His dauntless spirit fled.

The New Bells.

We bless them with many a benison,
  And over them we pray;
So shall they call the angels down,
  And drive the devils away.

They shall joy when man rejoices,
  When he mourns they shall share his woe,
With the peals of their musical voices,
  Or their tolling solemn and slow.

They shall plead with many a wanderer,
  Who is wandering far away,
To come to their holy house, and there
  To mourn, and praise, and pray.

The labouring beasts, as the Sundays come,
  And the sweet chimes rise and fall,
Will know they shall rest in peace at home,
  In meadow, and in stall.

On Christmas mornings they shall tell
  The news from beyond the sea:
To old years they shall say farewell:
  And bid new years welcome be.

The passing bell the fiends shall scare,
  That around the dying come;
And summon an angel guard to bear
  The soul of the dead man home.

So with holy sign and psalmody
  Their names to them are given;
And we hang them high in the belfry,
  As near as we can to heaven.

Christmas Eve.

We are sitting here together,
In the wild December weather,
And we watch the firelight playing on the ceiling and the wall.
Young folk think of life before them,
Old folk of the time passed o'er them :
Peaceful in the flickering firelight show our faces one and all.

Here, to-night, the links that bind us
To the past grow strong, and mind us
Of the lost and well-loved faces that watched with us long ago.
And to-night our eyes grow clearer,
And we see the time draw nearer,
When our Christmas Eves will be over, and 'twill be our turn to go.

Reading in the glowing embers
Of the years his age remembers,
Some grey elder leads our thoughts back his far childhood's days among.
From his brow fades many a wrinkle,
And with mirth his old eyes twinkle;
And the children laugh, but wonder that he ever could be young.

Sudden, through the dark night ringing,
Hark, the carollers are singing,
"God rest you merry, gentlemen, may nothing you dismay!"
In strains that never vary,
Or "the twelve good joys of Mary,"
As they sang five hundred years ago on the eve of Christmas day.

And we think of the ancient story,
How angels to God sang glory
In the highest, and peace on earth, and goodwill men toward;
To the frighted shepherds bringing
Good tidings of great joy, singing
How born in David's city, is a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

Christmas.

WHAT shall I sing of on Christmas night?
  One more turn of the shortening lane.
Once more the flickering firelight
  Lights the same faces. Shall we again
Meet? I know not; but I know,
Though we may meet not again below,
Long ago, and far away,
Christ, the Lord, was born to-day!

Storms blow over the sturdy wood,
  Riving a branch, uprooting a tree.
Here and there, where the old ones stood,
  Green and strong shall the saplings be.
Ah! too much would our hearts be chilled
If we thought of the seats fresh filled.
Long ago, and far away,
Christ, the Lord, was born to-day!

Memory is too sad, too sweet,
  To be mused with long, for we've work to do.
Hope makes the way less hard to our feet,
  But steep and rugged the path we go.
Think not too much of what things may be;
Waste not thy life with sad memory.
Long ago, and far away,
Christ, the Lord, was born to-day!

Shepherds at midnight, watching the fold,
  Heard the golden harps, and the angels' song.
Not like us were those men of old:
  Our ears are dulled with ages of wrong.
Faint, through the din of many a year,
Scarcely the angels' song can we hear,
Of long ago, and far away,
—Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

Ah, how plainly, when we were young,
  The angels' song would sound in our ears:
Nigh as clearly as when 'twas sung
  At first by heavenly messengers.
The while celestial glory played
Around the shepherds sore afraid,
So long ago, and far away,
—Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

The hoary wisdom of the East
  Marked His glorious sign afar,
And sent ambassadors in haste
  To worship, led by the herald star.
And wisest men of every age
Have followed that reverend embassage,
Since long ago, and far away,
Christ, the Lord, was born to-day!

Follow we then that fair bright star,
  The only one that can guide us here;
Fix we our eyes on it, till we are
  Unto our Lord and hope drawn near.
Mists of sin make it faint and dim:
Noisy life nigh drowns the hymn,
Of long ago, and far away,
—Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

Lead us, Lord, by Thy living light,
  For our eyes are dim, and our feet are sore,
Till the road be passed, and the clouds of night
  Roll away, to return no more.
Then, perchance, we again shall hear,
Rising and falling, sweet and clear,
As long ago, and far away,
—Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!

The Stream of Song.

LIKE the waters that for ever
  Flow through hidden caves of earth,
In man's soul there is a river,
  Where the stream of song hath birth.

In its sparkling fountain springing,
  Sweet and fresh it greets the day;
Purest draughts of pleasure bringing,
  Wheresoe'er its currents stray.

Laughter dimples in its shallows:
  Lily white its flowers are:
Fancy's butterflies and swallows
  Flit above it, near and far.

Past the levels,—where it slumbers,—
  Past the slopes,—it hurries by,—
Ever changing sound its numbers,
  Ever true its melody.

Now the ear on veiled notes chances;—
  Glittering fish in depths that stir,—
Here and there some swift thought glances
  Like a startled kingfisher.

Hope of future fair is leaping,
  O'er its rapids, lightly down.
Peace and happiness are sleeping,
  Where its currents slow have grown

Images its still pools borrow
  From fair scenes, it strays among
And the fallen tears of sorrow
  Mingle with the stream of song.

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